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and I were sitting smoking, thinking how happy we were to have such a good son. Oh! I thought my poor wife's heart would break when she saw him going. She fell on her knees, and begged them not to take the prop of her old age from her, for she thought he would never recover it. He had a fever long after, which my wife caught in attending him; for, poor woman! she never lay down the whole time, but still watching him. He recovered, but she never did; she is in a better place, so I ought not to fret. (*wiping his eyes.*)

Tra. And where is your son!

Old M. Oh! sir, he is with his poor mother, in heaven; for, as I told you before, sir, he joined the rebels: he thought he was serving his country, but when he saw the cruelty of his own party, he repented, and was coming to give up his arms, when a party of soldiers met him, and took him up; and when he would not inform, they shot him. Poor fellow, he thought it a mean and cowardly thing to be an informer. Well then: they came to my little cabin, and set it on fire. My little girl was burned to death, and old as I am, they would have killed me, only I happened to be out, for nothing was too bad for them to do. So, you see, sir, I had my sufferings; and many more, like me, were left without a child to close their eyes. So now, sir, I bid you good morning—that's your road.

SYLVIA.

For the Belfast Magazine.

I PERCEIVE that your pages are open to free discussion on literary subjects, and that the *shadow of a mighty name* affords no protection to the possessor of it, whether living or dead, from the censure of just criticism.

The paradoxes of Rousseau are probably known to your readers, by which he advocates the savage life in preference to the advantages of civilization. Some of your readers, perhaps, may not be acquainted with the secret history of his essay on the inequality of man, which he wrote in answer to the question proposed by the academy of Dijon. "What is the origin of the inequality among men? and, if it be

authorized by the law of nature?" He himself describes his sensations, on resolving to write in favour of the savage state, as rising to extacy; and that he was so penetrated with his subject, as to shed many tears. This is all very fine, but he appears only to have been an actor; for, in the memoirs of Marmontel, written by himself, we are assured, on the authority of Diderot, that Rousseau had at first designed to write in favour of civilization, and was resolved to exercise all his powers in its cause. He mentioned his design to Diderot, who observed, that other candidates would, doubtless, display the benefits derived from social improvements; and that it was a path in which he would not be distinguished from the dunces. "C'est un pont aux anes," (a bridge that every animal may pass) was the expression of Diderot. Rousseau changed his plan, and gratified his vanity and love of paradox, by writing in favour of the savage state. Rather than take the vulgar road, he whimsically adduces the advantages of nakedness, inclement seasons, ignorance the most profound, privations of all the comforts of social intercourse, and the society of animals, scarcely inferior to his favourite savage.

A READER.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

I HAVE been your constant reader since the first publication of the Belfast Magazine. With some of your essays I have been highly pleased and instructed. I will trust to your candour to allow me to say, I have also seen some papers in the Magazine, which I do not admire; and which did not even please the class of readers for whom the tales were intended. Some of the tales want consistency of character, and I hope Maria will allow me to mention, a few objections to *Rosa*. Mrs. Woodley speaking of *Shayboy*, *knowned*, *sartaint*, *aring*, and *larning* is not characteristic of English manners; the English have a different phraseology: such words are more used by the poorer classes of the Irish whose poverty too frequently prevents them from getting instruction.